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RECOGNITION OF LINNEUS BY COUNT CARLSBERG.

## PETER STRAUSSSEL'S LESSON.

A STORY OF THE HAGUE.

ABOUT the year 1736, when a long era of peace and commercial prosperity had brought Holland to the zenith of her arts and riches, there resided  
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in the Hague many princely families, famous scholars, and ambassadors from foreign powers; but among them there was no man who stood higher in his own esteem than Peter Straussel, the ornamental gardener. Peter's age was about fifty, and

his length and breadth were nearly equal; yet few in his industrious land were more busily active. He had used the spade and pruning knife for almost five-and-thirty years, and was allowed on all hands to have profited by that lengthy experience. Peter was known to be master of what were then called the strict and the fancy styles of gardening. His diamond-shaped parterres were marvels of uniformity. Nobody could cut such lions, stags, and peacocks out of evergreens as he; while for wilderness, labyrinth, or ruin-making, his equal was not to be found in the province. Moreover, Peter was great in tulips, and the tulip mania prevailed in Holland at the time of our story. He knew every distinction of stripe, spot, and shade; could recognise the choice varieties at a glance, and had been generally successful in their cultivation.

Such abilities were not likely to remain unappreciated in a land where gardening was at once the amusement and ambition of the wealthiest citizens. Peter had served burgomasters, presidents, and grand pensionaries; but, for the last seven years, large wages and a liberal allowance of domestic comfort had secured his services in the much-admired garden of Mr. Clifford, a gentleman of English origin, though born in Holland.

The father of Mr. Clifford had been the younger son of a noble family in England, and one of the many who incurred the displeasure of James II, by refusing to further his zealous but happily vain endeavours to bring their country once more under the spiritual thralldom of Rome. Political pretences were always found against such recusants; and from the ready charge of treason, and a trial before the remorseless judge Jeffreys, Clifford fled, like thousands similarly situated, for refuge to the court of William of Orange. There his diplomatic talents early recommended him to the notice and employment of that able sovereign, and after years spent in his service he was finally rewarded by the gift of a handsome estate from the hereditary lands of the Orange family. On it Clifford settled, and having married a Dutch heiress, lived and died in his adopted country, though the prince he served became king of England, and civil and religious liberty were established there. The Mr. Clifford of our story was his only son. Each of his parents had bequeathed him an estate. He had studied at universities both Dutch and English, travelled much, and married happily; and being content with his ample patrimony and domestic blessings, he eschewed those chief snares of the rich, politics and dissipation, devoting his wealth and leisure to the advancement of learning and the gratification of his peculiar taste. This directed him to the then undeveloped science of botany. Given to calm but searching thought, he delighted to trace the hand of eternal wisdom and beneficence through the silent, ever-varying world of plants and trees. No country at that period afforded such facilities for these studies as Holland. Gardening was the height of Dutch fashion, and rich men rivalled each other in the beauty of their flowers and the laying out of their grounds. The land's widely-extended commerce brought at their demand the gorgeous blooms of India, the curious plants of the Pacific isles, and the gigantic productions of South American savannahs. While the endeavours of his

neighbours were for the most part limited to collecting fashionable varieties, Mr. Clifford availed himself of those opportunities, and gathered in his garden whole families of remarkable plants from home and abroad, finding at once amusement and instruction in their silent lives.

The laws of the vegetable kingdom were then little known, even by scholars; but a great botanist had just arisen in the far north. Learned men spoke of a student in the university of Upsala, whose discoveries in that direction were already making his name known over Europe. Mr. Clifford had read the Latin treatise which he published in the preceding year. It professed to contain but faint outlines of a work which the student hoped to bequeath one day to the world. But, imperfect as it was, it cast considerable light on the mysteries of primeval nature, and Clifford studied his garden's wonders with fresh zest under the guidance of that rising author.

In the practical department, Peter Straussel was a valuable assistant, and was deservedly esteemed by his master. The most delicate exotic confided to his care was sure to grow and flourish, and he arranged the vegetable treasures to such advantage that Mr. Clifford's garden was the admiration and, as Peter believed, the envy of the neighbourhood. A sober, steady man was Peter Straussel—no frequenter of brandy shops, and no idler in his calling. He was faithful over all committed to his charge, and generally good-natured. Yet, with all these excellent qualities, nobody liked him; and the solution of that problem was, that Straussel would allow of merit or excellence in nobody but Peter. He was a sound Dutch Protestant, and kept a bible in the neat green cottage hard by the garden-gate, in which he and his good wife Mildred lived in childless quiet; but the apostolic injunction, "not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think," was as practically forgotten by the ornamental gardener as ever it had been by popes or princes.

The winds of vanity visit low as well as lofty stations. Peter's successful gardening, and the confidence his master reposed in him, had puffed him up to a point at which all other claims to notice or remembrance disappeared, and himself stood forth as the only figure worthy of observation. His fellow-servants were reckoned nobodies. His master was privately admitted to be a clever kind of man in his way; and dame Mildred, a simple, patient woman, who half believed in her husband's greatness, was regarded as a sort of inferior housekeeper, whom he in an hour of condescension had honoured with his name. Peter could talk of his own exploits by the day—the walks he had laid out, the plants he had saved in hard winters, and the flowers he had made to grow; but the praise of another tired him beyond endurance. It was heard from his superiors with impatient silence; and his equals were always answered with, "Pooh! pooh! it's well enough for him, but nothing to make a fuss about."

This mood of mind brought Peter few friends and many enemies, as most people like to be held of some account; but his adversaries were chiefly found among rival gardeners. There was not one for leagues about that had not declared war for some scornful slight cast on them or their doings;

and it was remarked, that the more conceited his neighbours were, the more they disliked Straussel. Even Mr. Clifford was at times half provoked and half amused by the pride of his servant; but the worst was not shown in his presence, and as rich and easy men sometimes will, he considerably overlooked many things on account of the garden. Peter would have overlooked many things on its account too. Of all the grounds on which he had hoed and drilled, there was none from whence the gardener had reaped so much glory; yet that scene of triumph had a lesson in store for him on which Peter did not calculate.

Mr. Clifford's residence did not stand in the Hague, but at its southern end, on the road leading to that old palace of the princes of Orange, called, from its noble park, the House of the Forest. His father had built it in the English style of his day—a solid square, with two great wings. A Dutch architect had stuccoed it over roof and walls, till it looked smooth and white as marble. An avenue of the tulip-bearing laurel, then new from Southern Tartary, led to the front entrance, and all round lay the great garden. It was almost as large as an English park, and was inclosed by a fence of strong cage-work, elaborately carved and painted—a Chinese fashion just imported, through whose costly bars its miniature groves and meadows, lakes and terraces, conservatories, fountains, and statues, might be seen by the passing traveller.

The country round the Hague is reckoned the driest and warmest in Holland. Compared with the rest of the kingdom, it forms a sort of upland, standing higher than almost any other district above sea-level; and, as cold and damp are the evils of the Dutch climate, this spot is highly favourable to health and vegetation. These natural advantages, together with the vicinity of the capital, made the landscape at the period of our story look, as it does yet, one mass of mansions, seats, and villas, with their gardens and pleasure-grounds. Such was the prospect whereon Peter Straussel might have gazed from the highest ground in his master's garden—an artificial terrace raised with considerable cost and labour, and planted with young cedars, said to be from Lebanon. They were growing well, and so was the great cactus and the moving mimosa, at which people, from Leyden and Amsterdam, came to wonder; but, at the period of our story, Peter felt somewhat like Jonah when his gourd was withered, for with one rare and precious plant his skill had signally failed. Whence the stranger came, or what was its proper style and title, neither the gardener nor his master knew. An eminent merchant in Rotterdam, who was aware of Mr. Clifford's predilection for curious plants, and had received much kindness from him in his earlier and poorer days, obtained a small slip and a preserved specimen of the flower from the wife of a ship captain trading between that port and Archangel. The woman had but one solitary root, which grew in a small and rudely-formed box at her back window. Her account of it was, that it had been bought by her husband from a wandering gipsy on the shores of the White Sea; that he called it the summer root; and neither the captain nor any of his friends had ever seen its like. The merchant added, that it stood the winter well,

though in a cold situation. He had himself seen it blooming about midsummer, and he described it as a beautiful plant, with dark green leaves and pendulous bunches of richly crimson flowers.

The preserved specimen verified the captain's description. It was a stalk of bell-shaped flowers, which still retained something of their brilliant hue, though dry and withered. Clifford's friends were unanimous that it must have been brought from the Persian frontier, or the warmer parts of Turkey, across the Russian Empire, by some enterprising collector, for a Muscovite nobleman, whose taste and wealth were equal, and stolen from his hothouse near Archangel by the wandering gipsy. Whencesoever it came, however, the plant was rare and new, and Mr. Clifford lost no time in writing to his friend at Rotterdam a request that he would purchase the summer root at any price from the captain's wife for him. Letters travelled slowly in those days. Before Clifford's arrival at Rotterdam the captain's wife, who had refused many inferior offers, was tempted, by the sum of a thousand guilders, to dispose of her unique plant to an English nobleman on a tour of the continent, who carried it with him she knew not where.

Disappointed thus in obtaining the root, there were yet hopes of raising the slip: It was committed to the care of Peter, who planted it with due precaution in one of his best pots, and assigned it the most favourable situation in his nursery. It was early spring, and the season was unusually propitious. Tree and flower on the warm lands of the Hague were bursting into leaf and bloom. The shower and sunshine did their April work for the stranger. It struck root in the new soil; and what was Peter's triumph when the first tender leaves began to appear! They grew larger and darker, thicker and more glossy, every day. Mr. Clifford brought all his chosen friends to see the wonder, and many an opportunity had the gardener of declaring his own share in the achievement of its growth. Like most self-sufficient people, Peter Straussel utterly forgot the hand which maketh the herb to spring. It was a pleasant and instructive calling in which he had passed his five-and-thirty years, and worthy to have been that of our first father in his time of innocence. Peter had seen the seasons come and go among plants and flowers, but their ever-renewed sermons had failed to teach him the wisdom of humility.

What care and caution were expended on that favoured root! No garden helper, nor inferior whatever, was permitted so much as to see it. Peter watered and tended it with his own hands, and it was growing tall and strong, when one of those apparent returns of winter which so often check the spring in Holland, as well as in our own country, made him tremble for its safety. He looked out early one morning and saw a faint hoar frost on the nearest grass. Peter was at the nursery in five minutes more, and with a haste which none of his subordinates could fully understand, he had his treasure safe in the warmest corner of the hothouse. Peter exulted in that movement throughout the entire day; but when Mr. Clifford visited the summer root, as indeed he used to do almost as often as his gardener, it looked strangely drooping. Straussel noticed that too,



and had more heat instantly applied. His chief dependence was placed in fire and water. Both were liberally bestowed; but in spite of all that his experience could suggest, or his skill accomplish, the plant pined away. Its leaves fell off dry and shrivelled. In short, the summer root died utterly.

Peter was continually brooding over that misfortune. It had chagrined his master much, and himself more. Wouldn't surrounding gardeners hear of it, and return with interest many a sneer at their mishaps? Pride must needs pay such taxes in every station, for failure is always among human probabilities. On a certain day, especially, Straussel was in extremely bad temper. He had scolded and grumbled through the garden since morning, and now stood in the sunny afternoon, (for the weather had suddenly become mild again,) inwardly railing at Providence that the change had not been soon enough to save his plant. Reader! is it not to be feared that too many of us have done likewise concerning some summer root of our own? But so absorbed was the gardener's mind in that worse than profitless employment, that he gave no heed to a young man who, for more than a quarter of an hour, had stood and knocked modestly at the gate hard by. From his elevated station Peter had seen him coming, in one of the fishermen's carts, along the Scheveling road; and for the information of those unacquainted with Dutch localities, it may be mentioned, that the said Scheveling is one of those ancient fishing villages found on all the north-western coasts of Europe, whose inhabitants form a community separated from the surrounding population by costume and customs of their own, and are hereditary masters of the net and line. It stands about two miles from the Hague on the shore of the north sea, but the road is so straight and level that the spire of the village church can be seen all the way to the town. Cottage and palace in that neighbourhood are still supplied with fish by the Scheveling people, who bring them in their small light carts, which also carry themselves and friends to market, generally with the help of four great dogs in lieu of a horse.

It was so, too, at the period of our story, and Ralph Rendor, the burgomaster, had been long patronised by Mr. Clifford and his household. Ralph was above fishing himself, but he kept a boat, employed others, and sold the produce of their hauls. His labour being on dry land, afforded him ample time for gossip, which he carried on in a prudent way among his customers, besides making himself generally useful in their particular errands and inquiries after servants. Straussel, being commissioned by his master, had applied to Ralph some time before for an assistant: he had already three to command; but another was required to take charge of the kitchen garden, for cucumbers and cauliflowers were now far beneath Peter. It was in Ralph's cart the young man had been riding; but the chief gardener, without moving from his position, demanded, in a gruff tone, who was knocking there?

"My name is Charles Linne," replied the stranger. "I am seeking garden work; and Ralph Rendor, the burgomaster of Scheveling, has told me that a kitchen gardener is wanted here."

Peter descended with what he considered awful

dignity, and opening the gate, admitted a spare but muscular young man, with an extremely fair complexion, clear blue eyes, and chestnut-coloured hair, which looked as if it had once been plaited and powdered in the fashion of the day. The stranger spoke with a foreign accent. His dress was not such as garden-men generally wore, but it was sadly soiled and out of order; yet he had a frank, cheerful look, which Straussel took for simplicity, and catechised him sharply as to his last place, length of service, and knowledge of gardening in general. The young man answered that he had never been in any service, but had practised gardening at home, and believed himself qualified; adding modestly, that he would be willing to come a few days on trial. Peter was growing more pompous every minute. He knew his master must be referred to at last, and half feared the applicant might be accepted; for, simple as he looked, his greatness evidently made no impression on him, and Peter was prepared to dislike him in consequence. However, when in full authority expatiating on the excellence of the garden and the superior work that would be expected there, he was interrupted by Mr. Clifford himself, who having heard from the honest burgomaster (in haste to sell his turbot) an account of the young man; that he was a stranger and looked an honest youth; that their people had seen him picking up weeds and mosses along the shore all the previous day, as Ralph supposed for pure want, and had therefore asked him home to his cottage for the night; and having learned, as they sat by the fire, that he could do nothing but work in a garden, the good man thought it might be a charity if Mr. Clifford would take him.

Almost to Peter's mortification, the stranger was accepted after a few inquiries, much more civilly proposed than his own had been, and regularly installed in the kitchen garden, with a loft over the tool-house prepared for his nightly rest.

Charles Linne took cheerfully to loft and garden, and notwithstanding Peter's vaguely expressed doubts that he was scarcely up to dibbling, and no hand for hotbeds, the man seemed to work with good-will, and the kitchen garden prospered under his care. The servants thought him odd and solitary in his ways, because he had little to say among them, and when not at work was always found gazing on some plant or tree. With Mr. Clifford alone he grew in favour; and Peter was astonished beyond expression as to what his master saw in the young man, that he stood so often talking with him at the cabbage-beds. The gardener was above such familiarity with inferiors; and his dislike to Charles did not diminish when he overheard Mr. Clifford say to his friend the stadtholder's private secretary, "That young man has a knowledge of books almost incredible in his station of life."

Straussel's attention was, however, diverted from that unwelcome occurrence by another of great joy and importance. After engaging every captain of his acquaintance who sailed from Rotterdam, no matter where, to search for the summer root, the indefatigable merchant had at length a complete plant, in a coarse earthen pot, brought to his door by the mate of a Russian vessel from Petersburg, who demanded as its price eleven hundred guilders. The guilders were paid down, and the plant was

forwarded, in the care of a trusty messenger, without delay, to Mr. Clifford. The joy of the amateur botanist was great, though its dark green leaves were beginning to droop; but greater far was the exultation of Peter. Here was an opportunity of redeeming his credit. He would prepare a special place for it in the hothouse, against the chills of the northern spring; for Peter never doubted but a plant with such rich crimson blossoms was a native of the East or West Indies. Indeed, those regions, besides the Hague and its vicinity, filled up the gardener's geography. His knowledge of plants was entirely experimental, and he never once supposed that anything more certain could exist. All the rare and precious flowers in his master's garden came from warm countries, and required heat; why not also the summer root? Heat he would give it; and Mr. Clifford, though he could not understand why the plant should come by the way of Russia, approved of all Peter's precautions. Nevertheless, the root drooped as the slip had done. No heat, no water could prevail with it. The leaves shrivelled, began to fall, and at length Clifford despaired of ever naturalizing the summer root in his garden. He had much counted on adding to his collection a yet unknown plant; and felt particularly mortified when it became evident the root would die, at the very time when he expected the Swedish ambassador, Count Carlsberg, and the famous Dr. Boerhaave, who was then at the Hague, to visit him and his garden.

Peter could say nothing to comfort his master. He was terribly out of sorts himself about the root, but could not help noticing that Clifford stayed longer than usual talking with Charles amongst the cabbages. The grumbling was great at his dinner that day, though poor dame Mildred did her best to please him, and early in the afternoon he was at the hothouse to have another look at the dying plant; but, to his astonishment, pot and all were gone. Peter could not at first believe the testimony of his eyes. However, the corner was empty, and he flew to tell his master. In his way was the cedar-terrace, the coldest and most exposed spot in the whole garden, and there stood Charles Linne heaping up earth and broken ice, which a servant had just brought from the cellar, round a plant newly unpotted. It was the summer root.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried Peter, running up to him. "How dare a low ignorant fellow like you touch the precious plant my master values so highly?"

"Because our master bade me save it if I could; and this is the only plan," said Charles, quietly.

"You save it!" cried Peter, who might have borne the destruction of the plant, but not the contempt of his own authority thus manifested. "What do you know of plants? What have you seen of gardens?"

"Not much," said Charles, heaping the iced earth still higher round the root.

"So I thought! A strolling player I'll warrant, turned out of some barn——"

Peter's further comment on the young man's antecedents was here interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Clifford with his newly arrived visitors.

With the name of the celebrated physician Boerhaave our readers are doubtless acquainted. It has long occupied an honourable place in the

history of Europe's learning; and even at the period of our story his country doted on the doctor as one who not only led the way in his own profession, but penetrated far in the thousand paths of knowledge which lie about it. Count Carlsberg thought himself more honoured in being Boerhaave's friend than the ambassador of Sweden. Though a young nobleman, he dignified his rank by the interest he took in science. When a student at the university of Upsala, he had personally known Mr. Clifford's favourite author, and admired his learning and genius still more than he. The three friends talked of his remarkable discoveries in botany as they paced the garden-walk together to see the dying plant, which, in desperation, Clifford had consigned to the care of his kitchen gardener, who, in their last conversation, had assured him, much to the gentleman's amusement, that he could save its life.

"See what this fellow's about, master!" cried Peter, scarcely mindful of the distinguished company, so high had his wrath risen. "I'll not be answerable for the plant—there's ice in that clay."

"I relieve you of all responsibility, Peter," said Mr. Clifford, smiling; but his attention, as well as that of all present, was suddenly directed to Count Carlsberg, who, with a wonder-stricken glance at the kitchen gardener, rushed forward and seized him by both hands, fresh from the soil as they were, exclaiming: "Charles Linnaeus, my friend! my teacher! Is it here I find you?"

Reader, that kitchen gardener, whom Peter Straussel regarded with such disdain, was none other than the great botanist who has given his name to the system now established throughout Europe, the first outlines of which were contained in Mr. Clifford's much admired treatise. Like many famous men, he had been always in narrow circumstances; and in a tour through Holland, which he undertook for scientific purposes, found himself reduced to the necessity of labouring for his bread. True genius or learning never deems itself disgraced by what are called the accidents of fortune, or more properly the allotments of Providence. Linnaeus at once accepted an inferior situation in the garden of the gentleman who had reaped so much instruction from his writings, under the simple name of Charles Linne, his own Swedish appellation, before, in the old fashion of scholars, it was latinized to Linnaeus. All this was explained on the cedar-terrace, in the cool matter-of-course manner peculiar to the earnest and scientific Swede; and the three friends learned with astonishment that the plant on which the energies of the hothouse had been expended was a child of the Siberian summer, the beautiful *Cypripedium*, whose dark green leaves and crimson blossoms cheer the heart of many an exile on the barren steppes of that desert region, with a voiceless intimation of the ever-present God.

The summer root grew and flourished to Peter's deep dismay. Its crimson flowers came at mid-summer, and it was long the chief attraction of Mr. Clifford's garden, being the only plant of its kind ever brought to Holland. There was a still greater magnet for scholars in Mr. Clifford's mansion, for Linnaeus became its inmate for years, and published, with the assistance of his sometime master, who has thus bequeathed an honourable

name to posterity, his far-famed System of Nature.

With Peter Straussel, however, our story commenced, and with him we will close it. The summer root opened his eyes to the fact, that there was one in the world who knew more of gardening than himself; and from the day he scolded Linneus as a "low ignorant fellow," the neighbours remarked that his pride became less and his praise of others more. He was even enabled to admit, in the course of time, that he might occasionally be mistaken; and we have put his story on record to warn all whom it may reach that they should seek that grace which is given to the humble, for most of us at times require something like Peter Straussel's lesson.

### LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

#### CHAPTER I.—LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS.

BY REV. J. D. OWEN, M.A., VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, BILSTON, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE UNION OF WOLVERHAMPTON.

THIS hint at starting is meant to remind our readers that it is not all plain sailing at sea, any more than ashore. Difficulties and dangers are pretty equally distributed in all the positions of this life, but there is the same wise and gracious Providence over all and in them all. Peter was as safe on the sea of Galilee as in the prison at Jerusalem: in both there were dread and danger, but in both the Angel of the covenant was on his side. Working men! whether from the factory or the farm, do you sufficiently realize this truth? With all the preparations for your outfit, is faith one of them?—faith in Him who walked with His people alike on the waves and in the wilderness? Taking Him with you, your outfit is complete, whatever else is wanting. Not that faith is an inoperative fanaticism, that looks to God to do for us what He has constituted it a duty, by the delegation to us of sufficient powers, to do for ourselves. Your comfort for four months will depend upon what you carry with you. But you must make up your mind to an occasional roughing it on ship-board, as you have often had to rough it ashore. In the improved state of navigation and emigrant vessels, there is now, however, more fear than danger. Shall I try to paint you a bit of a sea-storm? Perhaps the rough likeness may be recognised when you meet the original.

The "Whittington" emigrant ship, being far out at sea, was all but becalmed for three days, when on the fourth they caught the N.-E. trade winds. The next day a sudden squall terribly dismayed them. The air had been close and stifling as an atmospheric asthma all the previous evening. Sullen flashes of lightning began after midnight, in slow and lazy intervals, to spread a hasty and as if reluctant glare upon the dark world of waters, which still lay slumbering peacefully, as if the sea were dreaming of home and of the everlasting lullabies along her ancient shores. Every inch of canvass was spread, like a great cobweb, to catch the gentle breeze that slowly and feebly, as the wings of a tired insect, fanned them on their course; and the fair vessel, in her graceful robes of white, majestically floated on the pensive mirror of the deep, like a sea-bird that feels at home there.

The long twilight of yester-evening had tarried on hour after hour, as if the day had nothing particular to do on the morrow, and seemed bent upon enjoying the night. The sun had set in a slow and lingering glory, as if he, too, were loth to part with the placid interchange of amity between sea and sky, which he smiled to see so sociable. They seemed, indeed, so like each other, that heaven and its coeval duplicate, the sea, appeared reposing in equal beauty above and below the deep, like the old waters of the firmament in Genesis, restored as they were before the voice of a storm had rudely broken their eternal silence.

The night-watch were at the moment half asleep, when the captain's order rang suddenly between decks, like an alarm, to prepare for squalls. Yet not the remotest symptom was perceptible of even a change of wind—there was none to change—on any point round the whole horizon. Wind and wave were alike paired off for the night, and both long since locked in a slumber, calm as the heavens, sweet as home, and deep as the sea! The very sails seemed magnetized by the influence of the scene, and drooped languidly and sleepily from their spars as if they were "off duty," and nothing but their cordage, like a tether, kept them from tumbling overboard. The noise increased on deck, but above all the uproar was heard the captain's voice ordering sail to be taken in, hatches to be battened down, and lights to be extinguished, which was no great loss, so scanty were they. "In another five minutes," writes one on board, "the squall struck us. It smote the vessel like a stunning blow that knocks a strong man reeling to the ground; and the cries of the alarmed passengers roused from their sleep sounded as if the blow, like an electric shock, had struck them all at the same instant. The clamour in the elements was immediately terrific, like the explosion following a spark; and lightning, thunder, wind, rain, and waves, seemed all, like the sudden outburst of a conspiracy, to seize upon our ill-fated ship at once. Away went the jib, shivered to pieces like a paper kite; it was impossible to haul it down in time; a few minutes later in taking in sail would have dismasted, if not wrecked her.

"For a fierce half-hour the poor ship groaned like a conscious thing in agony, under the fearful onslaught of the elements, smitten, bruised, and buffeted—now tossed up a mountain wave, from the crest of which we glanced a moment at the more distant ravages of the storm; then dashed down a precipice of its collapsing fragments, as if the giant of the ocean heights had flung her from his grim territories.

"As it was our first gale—for the squall seemed to settle into a brief one—none of us had secured our goods and chattels against such an emergency; and as the ship suddenly heeled over at an angle of 45° with the horizon, as if, like a suicide, she would rush into the arms of death to escape the horror of his countenance, down went everything with her. Every detached article on the windward side rushed as if in a panic to leeward, without bidding any other article to get out of its way. Instantaneously, as if the tempest had put in a 'distress' to sweep away all our moveables, down the tarred incline tumbled boxes, pannikins, plates, bottles, books, dishes, filters, watches, clothes, boots, look-



ing-glasses, rummers, knives, forks, water-cans, hats, bonnets, biscuits, men, women, children, bird-cages, cats, and cockroaches, all in the most picturesque confusion of shapes, posture, locality, and fraternization, as if rehearsing a miniature earthquake. Amid shrieks of females, screams of children, screeches of birds, fightings of cats and dogs, shoutings for the steward, men scrambling to their feet again, others striking their irritable fists into the lock of a heavy portmanteau, mistaken for a messmate, and kicking the unconscious incumbents off their stomachs; mothers picking up a bruised child with one hand and a handful of smashed crockery with the other; and older hands at sea-faring helping their rawer fellow-passengers to right themselves, which they failed to effect until the lurched vessel set them the example. Amid the hurly-burly of the scene between decks, the captain's timely warning up aloft had been distinctly heard, and his commendable vigilance, supported by the skill and energies of his crew, under the blessing of Him who holdeth the seas in the hollow of His hand, brought us safely through."

What magic art revealed the on-coming danger to the captain? What water-witch, flying across the ocean on her mythological broom, whispered him the message that a storm was at hand? How was it he could not be taken unawares? His only oracle was the little tube of mercury in his barometer, which, rapidly falling, assured him of a great change in the atmosphere, and he prepared for it accordingly:—

"This only was the witchcraft he had used."

He did that which we must all do, whether at sea or ashore, whether in temporal or spiritual affairs—"discern the signs of the times." He was watchful, and used the means within his reach.

One more incident of the long voyage out, and we have done with it. "Our own Correspondent" writes under date January 1st, 1846:—"We were the victims of another scene of general consternation last night. There is nothing more appalling than being suddenly roused from sleep at sea; the first impression is always alarming. You commit yourself to sleep overnight with a more than ordinary sense of your utter helplessness, and entire dependence upon Divine protection. You feel yourself to be more immediately in the hands of God than anywhere ashore. You are not really so, for that frail ship that floats at the mercy of the unstable wave, and of the wind that bloweth where it listeth, is but an epitome of the great globe itself, floating in its orbit through the abyss of infinite space—that sea without a bed and without a shore; the earth is but a larger vessel, whose mystic circumnavigation of the sun is ordered and controlled by her Divine Builder and Maker. But we seem to bring the idea of dependence nearer to us in the palpable motion of the ship through the waves, conscious that the stranding of a nail, or the starting of a plank, alone lies between us and a watery grave. \* \* \* I was awoke in the middle of the night by a frightful noise and commotion upon deck. The ship-bell was ringing furiously; the crew were shouting frantically; female passengers rushed forth in their night dress, shrieking for their husbands, brothers, and children, and imploring to know the cause of the alarm; three Irish

farmers on board called aloud upon their saints, and many were upon their knees, in mingled terror and devotion. I and others ran up to the upper deck 'pale as our smocks,' which were the only garments we could assume in our fright and hurry. I dreaded some terrible disaster had occurred, or was instantly pending. I looked around in vain for the gallant captain, and his absence at once suggested the terrible thought of something having befallen him, when there burst upon us a loud rough laughing chirup from the seamen, 'ringing the old year out, and the new year in!'

"It was their midnight serenade to the new-born 1847.

"We slunk back to our hammocks, half ashamed at having forgotten our shore chronologies at sea, and with a hearty laugh too, at our own expense, felt thankful and delighted that it was nothing worse."

In our next paper we propose furnishing our readers with some inland sketches of Australian *notabilia*, but we cannot conclude without one hint to our friends the working classes. You who may be contemplating the grand trip to the antipodes, do not be too sanguine, nor expect too much, lest your anticipations, like everything else in that land of natural contradictions, turn out the reverse of what you calculated. Go out with the idea rather of getting work than getting wealth: many of you can get neither at home; both may be your portion there, and one of them must be. Work is abundant and remunerative; and the man that emigrates under a fixed and habitual conviction that labour, the law of God, is the law of human progress and prosperity—that man will succeed. God blesses every form of obedience to His laws, and to none more obviously and encouragingly than obedience to the law of labour. "Replenish the earth" is your bible warrant for emigrating from one land to another; "and subdue it" is your obligation to cultivate diligently what you occupy; doing both, however, in a spirit of filial subordination to the hope that anticipates alike a physical and spiritual fulfilment of the prophecy that bids "the wilderness and the solitary place be glad for them, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

#### MR. LAYARD AT NOTTINGHAM.

AMONG the many pleasing signs of the times and the hopeful auguries of the future, there is perhaps not one more cheering than the spontaneous aid which men of eminence are now wont to contribute towards the instruction and intellectual elevation of the industrial classes. We hear, from time to time, of distinguished senators, like Lord John Russell, and noblemen, like the Earls of Carlisle and Shaftesbury, coming forth from their exalted circles to tread the platform of mechanics' institutes, and to enrich and delight the minds of working men with the stores of their knowledge and the fascinations of their eloquence. One of the latest instances of this kind occurred a few weeks ago, at a *soirée* of the members of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institution, when the celebrated Mr. Layard charmed the audience with a graphic account of his oriental exploits and discoveries. We have thought it well to transfer a portion of the address to our pages, feeling assured

that the information will be acceptable to our readers. After some extended preliminary remarks respecting the Nestorian Christians, and the importance of the cuneiform inscriptions, the accomplished lecturer proceeded to detail the following facts, which, although partly known to the readers of his interesting volumes on Nineveh, yet contain also some new incidents and lively touches not recorded there :—

Having satisfied himself that he had discovered the site of Nineveh, Mr. Layard made arrangements for commencing a search for its buried treasures. With the assistance of an Arab with whom he had made acquaintance, and attended by a body of workmen, he proceeded to one of the mounds, where they laboured for some time without success. While they were digging one day, a man came and asked them whether they were looking for gold. Mr. Layard answered that they were digging, not for gold, but for stones, to which the man replied that if that was all they wanted, he could take them where there were plenty. They, however, continued to work where they had begun for some time longer, when being still unsuccessful they determined to try the spot which had been thus indicated to them as containing stones. They found the place to be a large raised platform of earth on which the Arabs had built a village. They went to work there, and found a large quantity of stones, both sculptured and inscribed, having upon them representations of chariots and horsemen, battles, sieges, triumphs, etc., and an extraordinary series of unintelligible inscriptions. Having made these interesting discoveries, Mr. Layard left the country and returned to Constantinople in the hope of obtaining such assistance from the Turkish government as would enable him to prosecute his researches with greater vigour and success. In this, after various difficulties, he was to some extent successful, and he immediately returned to Nimroud and resumed his excavations. He had still, however, many difficulties to encounter. One of his chief annoyances was an Arab chief, who came with the intention of taking away what little property he had. He thought the best thing he could do would be to go to the chief's tent, eat his bread and salt, and thus enter into a formal friendship with him. He did so. After this he continued his operations at Nimroud, and was at length rewarded for his perseverance by the discovery of an Assyrian palace, the walls of which were adorned with sculptured slabs, evidently representing the victories of the old kings. Various sculptures and figures in *bas relief*, of which the drawings were exhibited, were then and there discovered; many of which, if somewhat rude works of art judged by our modern standard, were yet productions of very considerable merit, and bore the evident impress of originality. And he might remark here, that however rude a work might be, if it was undertaken conscientiously, and executed with an honest and earnest purpose, it would carry with it a certain stamp of originality which could not be mistaken and could not be imitated. And speaking, as he now was, in a manufacturing town like Nottingham, he might mention that in the East, English manufacturers were beaten completely out of the market, because they did not do themselves justice in this respect. The Swiss and other nations sent to the East works of art corresponding with the oriental taste, with some originality of design and treatment; but the English generally persevered in maintaining their old, worn-out, imitative style, and consequently their works were comparatively in little request in the oriental market.

Mr. Layard then proceeded, in a most entertaining

and agreeable manner, to describe the drawings of the various works of sculpture found in the Assyrian palace. The entrances of the great hall were formed of four enormous statues of winged lions and bulls, very strikingly resembling the strange beasts which the prophet Ezekiel represents himself to have seen in vision. Around the walls were a variety of sculptures of battles, sieges, etc., all of them somewhat rude and conventional, but many of them carved with great energy, taste, and spirit. In all these representations the king was prominent, being easily recognised by the peculiar cap which he always wore. It seems that, by the Assyrian etiquette, the king was the only person who was permitted to shade himself from the sun. And it would appear that something like this is still the rule among some of the eastern nations; for when the French gave an account of the battle of Isley, instead of saying they had taken so many cannons or so much baggage, the general sent word to say that they had taken the emperor's umbrella! It would be observed that one of the lions represented in the drawings had a claw in its tail. Now Homer had said something of such an animal, and the ancient zoologists had given a very strange reason for the phenomenon. They said, the lion was provided with the claw in its tail in order that, when it had a mind to be particularly ferocious, it might lash itself up to the requisite degree of fury! Now it happened curiously enough that, about the time those sculptures were brought to England, the skin of a lion found in the wilderness near Babylon was also sent over, and upon being examined by the Zoological Society it was found that the lion had actually a claw in its tail. The modern explanation of the matter was, that it was caused by an extension of the bony substance of the tail; but for his (Mr. Layard's) part he thought this was a very tame and common-place reason, and not half so good as the old one. The audience would remark the long beards and flowing hair of the Assyrians, as represented on the drawings of the sculptures. There was, however, good reason for supposing that some of the ancients were acquainted with the art of wig-making; indeed there is in the British Museum, at the present time, an antique wig, so perfect that he was persuaded any *chiffonier* would be delighted to have it in his window.

One of the largest and most interesting of the monster statues found in the Assyrian excavation was a winged bull, which, together with some other sculptures, Mr. Layard determined to remove and convey to England. This, however, was a work of very considerable difficulty and labour. The bull weighed nearly twenty tons, and though the removal of twenty tons might not in England appear a very great matter, yet in the desert, where there were no crowsbars, levers, or other mechanical powers to aid them, with only the Arabs to assist in its conveyance, not along a hard well-formed road, but over the soft alluvial soil, it was a very different thing indeed. However, he procured some strong ropes made of the fibre of the palm-tree, with which they constructed two strong cables, and they then attempted the removal of the bull. With great trouble they pulled it out of the trench. They then formed some rude wheels, and placing the block upon them, proceeded towards the river, which was distant only about a mile. There were about five hundred Arabs engaged in its conveyance, but notwithstanding all this assistance they got on but very slowly. The Arabs would proceed about ten yards, and then they would stay to smoke a pipe. That being finished, they would set to work again and proceed a little further, and one of them would propose to have some coffee. At last they flatly declared that they could not take the bull any further,





because—there was an evil eye in it! However, all their objections were at last got over, and the bull was, after three days' labour, safely removed to the river's brink, and thence floated on a large raft to the mouth of the river, a distance of 700 miles. An English ship was there in waiting to remove the sculptures to this country, where in good time they safely arrived, though not without having suffered something from their voyage. For the captain of the ship, though a very good snilor, had not much taste for the fine arts, and having some room to spare in the hold of the ship where the sculptures were deposited, he filled it with tallow, in which they became so completely imbedded that, when the vessel arrived at London, they had again to be dug, very much stained and discoloured, from their resting-place.

In London many of these relics excited very great interest. Among them was a representation of an Assyrian idol, partly a fish and partly a human body, exactly corresponding with the description of the idol Dagon, given in the marginal reading of the Bible, and also various other representations of images mentioned in holy writ. There were others representing persons crossing rivers on inflated skins of sheep—a plan still often practised in that country. Others were representations of workmen engaged in various mechanical operations, showing that the Assyrians were acquainted with the use of the lever, the inclined plane, and the roller. All these works of sculpture, though wrought in marble, were originally painted; and it was a very curious and almost incredible fact, but one now placed beyond all doubt, that the finest statues of the ancient Greeks, and even their temples, were coloured. And he might remark here, that there were many things which led to the belief that the Greeks derived many of their customs and arts from the Assyrians. He would mention, in connexion with this subject, an example of modern ingenuity and foresight as remarkable as anything with which he was acquainted. One of the pupils of the celebrated German philosopher and scholar, Niebuhr, had told him (Mr. Layard) that on one occasion he had heard that eminent man lecture upon Grecian art, and that at the conclusion of his remarks he said:—"Gentlemen, there is a want in Grecian art which neither I nor any man now alive can supply. There is not enough in Egypt to account for the peculiar art and peculiar mythology which we find in Greece. That they did not originate it I am convinced, though neither I nor any one now alive can say who were the originators.

But the time will come when, on the borders of the Tigris and the Euphrates, those who come after me will live to see the origin of Grecian art and Grecian mythology." Those were the words of Niebuhr as related to him (Mr. Layard) by one who heard them, and a more remarkable instance of modern ingenuity he did not know. Some of the colours of the Assyrian sculptures had been preserved to the present day, and from these it was possible in a great measure to restore the whole. He hoped, before very long, the audience would be able to form a better idea of these matters than they could at present, because the Crystal Palace Company, among other things, were going to restore a Nineveh palace, and had actually given 5000*l.* towards this object. It was almost impossible to conceive how very beautiful these palaces must have looked, painted in this manner, in the sunny eastern clime. There seemed to be some natural law by which the colours, not only of plants and flowers, but even of the dresses of the people, became brighter and gayer the nearer they approached the equator, until, when they reached that point, the inhabitants, not content with fine clothes, began even to paint themselves.

He would now say a few words relative to the manner in which the inscriptions in these ancient palaces had been deciphered. It would seem a thing almost impossible to discover the meaning of characters representing a language which was perfectly unknown. But there were certain principles by which this apparently impossible and really difficult problem could be solved. When the inscriptions were brought to England, many gentlemen who were skilful in such matters endeavoured to explain them. Among the most successful of these was Dr. Hince, as we understood. As a proof of the great qualifications of that gentleman for such a task, he might mention, that some time ago a celebrated scientific man in London constructed a cipher which he considered to be perfectly inscrutable, and, in order to test the point, he published it, offering 100*l.* to any person who could explain it. Dr. Hince set himself to discover the mystery, and by return of post sent a letter to the gentleman, written in his own cipher, claiming the money! He endeavoured to discover the secret of the Assyrian inscriptions with considerable success; and on the whole they were now able to decipher to a certain extent these ancient historical records. He would give them a few specimens of the events which had been thus discovered.

A few years ago he found another great palace at Nineveh, so extensive that, although only a small part

had been yet explored, he had entered more than seventy chambers or halls, and the entire length of its sculptured walls was nearly two miles, showing the enormous wealth and power of the people who could build such edifices. There were many very long inscriptions there, some of which he had copied and brought to England. They had been examined by several eminent men, and the result was, they had made one of the most curious discoveries of the kind ever recorded. Dr. Hince, four years ago, first suggested that two words in the inscriptions, which were apparently the names of kings, stood possibly for Sennacherib and his father, Salmaneser. Now it was a common observation, that persons sometimes proved a case better by differing a little with respect to it than by too close an agreement; and so it was in the present instance. Another gentleman, who was engaged in attempting to decipher the inscriptions, would not agree that the name in question was that of Sennacherib, and prosecuted his inquiries in order to prove that it was some other monarch. He was, consequently, not a little surprised to find, in the course of his researches, that the name of one of the kings, with whom the monarch having this uncertain name joined battle, was Hezekiah—the very king with whom, as we learn from the bible, Sennacherib was really at war. Moreover, it was discovered that the Assyrian annalist states that the cause of this war was that the king of Judea refused to pay tribute, and upon turning to the book of Kings we find that this agrees with the scriptural account. Finally, and what is most remarkable, we find that the amount of tribute which Sennacherib demanded of Hezekiah, as stated in the inscriptions in question, was thirty talents of gold, and again referring to the inspired historian it would be found that this was exactly the amount which was there stated to be demanded. The inscription also stated that Hezekiah having a second time refused to pay tribute, Sennacherib again marched against him, but, what was very remarkable, no account was given of the result of this expedition. Now they knew that the army of Sennacherib was destroyed on this occasion by the angel of the Lord, and this fact would at once explain the silence which was kept by the Assyrian historian on the point, and furnish an additional proof of the truth of the scriptural account. Moreover, it was found that, for some years after this event, no account of any great campaign occurred in the inscription—a proof that some disaster had occurred by which the strength of the Assyrian army was broken, which exactly agreed with the scriptural representation of the matter. Besides these, there were many other very curious—he would not say *corroborations*, for that was a wrong word—but *illustrations* of the truth of the bible. They were not yet able to decipher all the inscriptions, but he had very little doubt that before long they would be in possession of an entire history of Assyria, and of its connexion with Judea. And even now the people of England were, by these discoveries, placed in possession of more authentic information of the state of Assyria than they had relative to that of Egypt, though the latter had been known so long; and at the present moment a celebrated London jeweller was actually making Nineveh bracelets, so that we were in fact going back to the Assyrian fashions. In conclusion, Mr. Layard again referred to the great practical moral of his wondrous story, and called upon the meeting, while they considered the utter destruction and disappearance of these great cities, to congratulate themselves that they lived in an age when such an event could not take place. He earnestly hoped that all institutions like the present, which he believed above all others would tend to prevent such a catastrophe, might prosper in the land.

### THE NEGRO LIBERATOR OF HAYTI.

EMINENT success, in any department of human pursuit, almost invariably calls into existence swarms of imitators and competitors, each being eagerly bent on diverting towards himself a share of the gain or *éclat* that is pouring into the lap of some fortunate individual. In no province is this rule more observable than in the republic of letters. A decided "hit" in literature is the signal for an immediate glut in the market, of works bearing upon the subject which has been thus brought into ephemeral notoriety. Such has been one of the effects resulting from the unparalleled success of that truly marvellous production, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Printers' machines, publishers' warehouses, and booksellers' counters have literally groaned beneath the multitudinous progeny to which this great parent-work has given birth. To this cause, we presume, must be assigned the appearance at the present moment of a biography of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the negro patriot of Hayti, whose story forms so sad a blot on the escutcheon of Napoleon. The *ideal* Uncle Tom is equalled, many will think, in some of the highest attributes of character, by the *actual* historical personage whose excellences and exploits have thus seasonably found a biographer. Those who have been sceptical, indeed, as to the possibility of so much virtue, intelligence, and principle existing among the down-trodden blacks, as is ascribed to them by the fascinating fiction in question, may find in these melancholy annals of the "war of bloods" an antidote to their doubts.

St. Domingo, or Hayti, as it is now generally called—which, in the Caribbean tongue, signifies a *land of mountains*—was, at the time when our hero appeared, in the joint occupation of France and Spain. It is with the provinces of the former, however, situated in the western portion of the island, that our sketch has chiefly to do. Plantation-tillage was then the chief occupation of the myriads of slaves that had been collected in this domain of oppression. The culture embraced sugar, coffee, indigo, and cotton. In 1789, the French districts contained 793 sugar-plantations, 3117 coffee-plantations, 789 cotton-plantations, and 182 establishments for making rum, besides other minor factories and workshops.\*

The population of the western part of Hayti was, in the year 1790, reckoned at 555,825, of whom only 27,717 were white men, and 21,800 free men of colour, while the slaves amounted to 495,528—a mass of human beings constituting a fearful power, if once roused by a sense of their wrongs and led on to a war of vengeance. The infamous slave trade was then at its height, and Hayti every year opened its markets to 20,000 victims, doomed to take the places of those who annually perished beneath the rigours of their lot.

\* The capital invested in slaves, and other implements of labour, was enormous; the value of the "negroes, old and new, large and small," was set down at 768,333,334 francs. The returns also were equally immense, as is obvious from the fact that, in the year just quoted, the products of the French plantations, etc., were estimated at 175,960,000 francs—a sum representing the highest pressure of servitude, and the measure of the galling injustice perpetrated upon the blacks. In 1801, after years of disturbances to which the island became a prey, the value had fallen as low as 65,362,039; so signally were the planters punished for their previous grinding tyranny.

Among other sources of the perils and disasters of the island, was the existence of a mixed and antagonistic population. There were three principal classes, separated from each other by the most inveterate caste prejudices and animosities: the white men, consisting of diverse and conflicting grades; the mulattoes, or men of colour, as they were designated, who sprung from the white proprietors and their black concubines; and the negroes. From the men of colour arose the chief cause of the ruin of the planters and the calamities of the island. They assumed an isolated and hostile attitude towards the other two classes; for while they envied the privileges of the whites, in which they were not suffered to participate, they looked down upon the blacks with hauteur and contempt. Neither wealth nor virtue could procure for them the social estimation to which they aspired. The mulatto son was unable to take his food at his father's board, kneel beside his father in his devotions, bear his father's name, or succeed to his father's property. Labouring under these and similar civil and social disqualifications, the men of colour indulged low and vindictive passions. "Aware," says Dr. Baird, "by their education, of the new ideas which were fermenting in Europe and in the United States, they were also ever on the watch to seize opportunities to avenge their wrongs. Unable to endure the dominion of their white parents, they were indignant at the bare thought of the ascendancy of the negroes; and while they plotted against the former, were the open, bitter, and irreconcilable foes of the latter." Such were the fermenting elements of Haytian society at the outbreak of the French revolution—an event that here, as everywhere else, gave a louder voice to discontent, and excited wild hopes of the speedy extinction of much of the wrongdoing under which the people chafed and groaned.

While the storm thus gathered that was to deluge this beautiful land with the blood of its children, where was he who was afterwards to step forth upon the theatre of civil war, and become the liberator of his people? Was this great type and pattern of negro genius then filling some post of dignity and influence in the government of the island? Nay; he was at that time toiling in one of the despised gangs of a plantation, pondering, meanwhile, in his mind the wrongs of his kinsmen, and the necessity for some negro patriot to arise and vindicate their rights. He was wholly without white blood; and his great grandfather is said to have been an African king. His father had been seized in a plundering expedition and conveyed to Hayti, where he was placed under a humane master, who allowed him many indulgences. Toussaint was the eldest of eight children, the date of whose birth reaches as far back as 1743, so that he was more than fifty years of age when he came forth from his obscurity to fulfil the long-postponed mission of his life. Delicate of constitution in his childhood—so much so as to acquire the appellation of the *Little Lath*—he gradually gained in his maturity a stout arm and an iron frame, which scarcely any amount of effort could relax or weary. His earliest years were spent in the occupation of a shepherd; and in due time, in consequence of his good conduct, the overseer made him his coachman—an office which brought not only con-

sideration, but also some means of self-improvement. Still continuing diligent and faithful, his next advancement was to the stewardship of the implements employed in sugar-making. The next important step in his life was marriage; and in the domesticated life, sweetened by affection, which he led for many years, he was comparatively a happy man. His leisure hours were spent in cultivating a garden and in intellectual improvement. "We went," he said to a traveller, "to labour in the fields, my wife and I, hand in hand. Scarcely were we conscious of the fatigues of the day. Heaven always blessed our toil. Not only we swam in abundance, but we had the pleasure of giving food to blacks who needed it. On the sabbath and on festival days we went to church—my wife, my parents, and myself. Returning to our cottage, after a pleasant meal, we passed the remainder of the day as a family, and we closed it by prayer, in which all took part."

As he grew in mind, he became more and more puzzled and distressed with the institution of slavery, for he could in no way understand how the hue of the skin should put so great a social and personal distance between men whom God, he saw, had made essentially the same. While revolving this grave subject in his mind, premonitions of the coming insurrection and carnage were multiplying. The larger and more prosperous planters grew envious and jealous of each other. A rivalry sprang up between the two chief cities—the Cape and the Port-au-Prince—which was intensified by the transfer of governmental power from the former to the latter. Dissensions ensued, and deputies were sent to France; but no redress was granted. Matters grew daily more and more complicated, when the taking of the Bastille in Paris gave the signal for the commencement of a universal battle of liberty against despotism. The first marked effort was on the part of the mulattoes, who sent a deputation to Paris to claim from the Assembly equality with the whites, presenting at the same time an enormous sum of money for the service of the state. For a time there seemed some hopes of a favourable issue to their cause; but, excited by the debates in the Assembly, and carried away by the crude dreams of liberty then everywhere prevalent, the island sprang into revolt. Dr. Baird thus alludes to this awful event:—

"The slaves awoke as if from an ominous dream. Under one of their class, named Boukman, a man of herculean strength, who knew not what danger was, the negroes on the night of August 21st, 1791, arose in the terrific power of brute force. Gaining immediate success, they rapidly increased in numbers, and grew hot with fury. They fell on the plantations, slaughtered their proprietors, and destroyed the property. Such progress did the insurrection make, that on the 26th, the third of the habitations of the northern department were in ashes. In a week from its commencement the storm had swept over the whole plain of the north, from east to west, and from the mountains to the sea. Those rich houses, those superb factories, were in ruins. Conflagration raged everywhere. The mountains, covered with smoke and burning fragments, borne upwards by the wind, looked like volcanoes. The atmosphere, as if on fire, resembled a furnace. Everywhere were seen signs of devastation—demolished edifices, smouldering embers, scattered and broken furniture, plate, and other precious articles overlooked by the marauders; the soil running with blood, dead bodies heaped the one on the other, mangled and mutilated, a prey to voracious birds and beasts."



In this terrible drama of retribution, Toussaint's first appearance on the stage upon which he was destined to play so conspicuous a part, was in a character eminently calculated to win our confidence and admiration. Instead of yielding to vindictive feelings, and joining in the sanguinary orgies of the revolvers, he placed himself at the head of his fellow-slaves, whom he contrived to keep in obedience, and for the space of a whole month protected the plantation, as well as the persons of his master and mistress, from the desolating vengeance that was sweeping through the land. At length, finding the insurrection becoming more formidable, and danger more imminent, he aided them in their escape to the Cape, and at a subsequent period employed his rising influence to enable them to emigrate. This was indeed a worthy commencement of his illustrious career!

It is impossible here to enter into the complications of the fearful struggle that ensued, until the period when Toussaint, by his military genius, acquired paramount authority in the island. The negro bands were for some time directed by three chiefs, whom the exigencies of the times had forced into positions of command. The first, Jean François, was a young liberated creole, given to luxury and finery, of a mild temperament and inclined to clemency, though often hurried into the perpetration of cruelties by perfidious counsels. Biassou, the next chieftain, though belonging to the "Fathers of Charity," was of a fiery, rash, and vindictive disposition, and being very ambitious, soon usurped the leadership of the disaffected. The last, Jeannot, was a revolted slave, slender in person, but boundless in activity. Perfidious, implacable, and revengeful in his nature, he was also revolting in appearance. After committing a massacre, he was wont to gather up in his hands the blood of the slain, and carrying it to his mouth, exclaim: "Oh, my friends, how sweet this white blood! let us take full draughts; and let us swear irreconcilable revenge against our oppressors!" Such were the men under whom our hero first served; and although strongly disapproving many of their deeds, he was compelled, in order to avert suspicions of his fidelity, to fall into the raging ranks of sanguinary fanaticism, though not probably without hopes of being able in time to temper their councils and restrain them in the commission of their atrocities. For a time he exercised his medical skill in the treatment of the wounded; but as men of superior talents and prowess were increasingly in demand, he was appointed aide-de-camp to Biassou.

An opportunity soon occurred which enabled the rising patriot to display his superior qualities and the ascendancy of his noble character. Despairing of success, the leaders of the blacks were disposed to open negotiations with the planters and the commissioners who had just arrived from France. Two deputies were accordingly sent to seek an audience with their representatives in the colonial assembly. The stern and haughty spirit, however, with which they were received, inflamed their indignation, and they withdrew muttering fresh vows of vengeance for this new and unprovoked outrage.

"When Raynal and Duplessy," says Dr. Baird, "related the disdainful manner in which they had been treated, cries of vexation and rage rent the air. Biassou, unable

to restrain his passion, ordered all the whites detained in the camp to be put to death. The necessary preparations were made; when Toussaint—always humane—intervened, calmed his chief, and saved the lives of the intended victims. On another occasion, he displayed similar heroism. Biassou one day received from the Cape a proclamation intended to win back the slaves. The insurgent chief determined to publish it. Causing his soldiers to take their arms, he ordered the proclamation to be read aloud. Instantly there arose the awful cry of 'Death to the whites!' Toussaint shuddered, rushed forward, again read the proclamation, with a commentary of his own. The result was, that the desire for vengeance sank in those rude breasts, tears stole down their cheeks, and the prisoners were saved. Such a conquest is one of the highest achievements of humanity."

Through the mediation of the commissioners, nevertheless, a conference took place; but, from the unconciliatory temper of the masters, it failed to restore peace, and the disappointed negroes resumed their devastations. Their leaders, too, came to an open quarrel, and even basely sold into Spanish slavery many of their companions-in-arms. On the news of Louis XVI's decapitation reaching Hayti, the negroes, who, with their natural love of a monarchy, had hitherto espoused the side of the fallen sovereign, renounced the French republic, and threw themselves into the arms of Spain. Toussaint was now a brigadier in the service of Charles IV. This step necessarily introduced new elements of difficulty in the already tangled web of Haytian affairs. The colonists and the commissioners in turn tried cajolery and menaces, promises and threats. But all in vain. The blacks had confidence neither in their veracity nor their power, and consequently prepared themselves for renewed hostilities. Toussaint had by this time acquired considerable military distinction, and was placed in a post of such responsibility as gave full scope to his wonderful resources.

We cannot, however, follow in detail the successive steps of Toussaint's progress, and particularly as war is a subject which has no charms for us. Let it suffice to say, that his career was a series of triumphs, hard-won it is true, and defended with the most consummate skill against perfidy, treachery, and the most determined opposition of countless foes. Although he did not entirely dislodge the French, yet he took possession of most of the important positions in the centre of the island, and, in spite of temporary checks and diversions, steadily strode on, amid the numerous and rabid factions by which the country was infested, towards the goal of supremacy and pacification. While he was yet rapidly rising in public estimation, Toussaint added to his name the designation *l'Ouverture*—a word signifying the *opening*. Much discussion has taken place as to what this surname was meant specially to indicate: some supposing that it was designed to refer to the opening which the hero had made in the ranks and possessions of the enemy; while others, with perhaps greater probability, conceive that he assumed the epithet in order to announce to his adherents that he was about to open the door to them of a brighter and happier future. Among the people with whom he associated, such a sign was no doubt calculated to aid the cause to which they were devoted.

Prompted by that almost prophetic sagacity which ever distinguished him, Toussaint at length sought a new alliance with republican France, as

offering the best chances of deliverance for his unhappy race; and on the 4th of May, 1794, the French flag supplanted the Spanish in all the districts under his sway. This return of allegiance was followed by fresh exploits. By means of the accession of forces now placed at his command, Toussaint defeated the mulatto leaders and the Spanish partisans everywhere. It was during the progress of these events that an attempt was made, by the British authorities in Jamaica, to win over the great negro chieftain; but the result only served to exhibit the incorruptibility of his principles. Not knowing the character of the man, they offered as the price of his defection the kingship of Hayti—an offer which he rejected with scorn, contenting himself with the office of commander-in-chief of the army of St. Domingo, to which he had recently been appointed, and sending to France his two sons, as a pledge of his devotion to her interests.

Various internal agitations, in which the mulattoes prominently figured, still remained to be subdued; but, at length, Toussaint trusted that his task was well-nigh accomplished. The foes of his race were subdued; factions were crushed; and public confidence and prosperity began to revive. A happy future seemed to be dawning for the torn and afflicted land. Hearts everywhere beat with gratitude towards their benefactor, and honours were lavished upon him by all hands. On the 17th of August, 1800, he issued a proclamation, declaring the oblivion of all wrongs. He next adopted effectual measures for the suppression of the slave trade, the chief refuge of which was the eastern and Spanish part of the island. Against this district he directed his forces, and, after a few shots, entered Santo Domingo on the 2nd of January, 1801, at the head of 10,000 men; being thus master of the entire country. Wherever he journeyed, ovations awaited him: he was received with the acclamations of the people, the merry peal of bells, and the salvos of cannon; whilst the clergy, barefooted, came on all sides to give him welcome. Well knowing the influence of display upon the rude natures of his people, he now paid special attention to his personal appearance in public. When he went forth, he was accompanied by a splendid retinue, which dazzled all eyes. His usual guard consisted of from 1500 to 1800 men, brilliantly clad; and having for his own use a stud containing hundreds of horses, he was able to exhibit an equipage worthy of a prince. But notwithstanding this imposing show, assumed from motives of policy rather than vanity, his personal habits were simple and temperate in the extreme. His diet was the most frugal, his drink consisted of water, and he rarely indulged himself with more than two hours' sleep. Though advanced in life, he was incessantly in rapid movement. This, however, did not preclude him from devoting himself to the labours of the cabinet, where, by the aid of several secretaries, he was accustomed to reply to two or three hundred letters daily.

"Travellers who visited the island at the beginning of the present century, agree in declaring that in the society of St. Domingo the men were polite and the women easy and elegant; that the relations between the sexes lacked neither attraction nor dignity, and that the prejudices of colour seemed to have lost their former power.

A taste for music became general; the guitar was specially cultivated. Men of negro and mulatto blood not only formed the bulk of the population, but occupied the higher positions. Even the most important duties of the administration were in their hands. Yet life went forward with ease and efficiency. Religion was honoured. Morals were at least not inferior to what they are in white society. The arts were cultivated. The elegancies of life were not unknown. Among men and women who had but recently quitted the brutalizing condition of servitude, an ability and a refinement were observed which you sometimes look for in vain among men who have the reputation of being highly cultivated."

Such was this remarkable man, and such the effects he had produced, at this period of Haytian history, and when he was striving to the utmost to extirpate every root of bitterness, to heal all feuds, and to perpetuate the peace, prosperity, and freedom of its diverse races. The sad story of his failure, and its causes, must be reserved for another paper.

### THE POULTRY MANIA.

ALL the world knows that London is the great gastronomic centre of animal life, where all that vast section of zoology which is eatable is done to death and *for* dinner—that the metropolitan throat is the maelstrom towards which all edible animated nature is constantly tending. Does not the weekly current set in from all points of the compass: the quadrupeds converging towards "Smiffle," as the drovers call it, and the fish to Billingsgate? "Agreed," say you, "but what of the poultry? We know all about Smithfield and Billingsgate already." Well, then, as for the poultry, is it not a fact, and does not every one know it, that half the pullets that cackle round the barn-doors of Britain, are educating with a view to a prosperous settlement in London? Don't countless geese flock continuously to London by rail and by road, and are they not one and all hospitably received, and taken in? Are they not ushered into "the privacy of the domestic circle," introduced to our bosom friends, and invited to lend themselves to further the social enjoyments of the season? Of course they are. Then, again, the turkeys, ever devoted to the support of the metropolitan interest—do they not cram for the London market as industriously as a student at Cambridge for a fellowship? Do they not book themselves for Leadenhall, from Norfolk, and Wales, and Devonshire, and fifty places besides? Nay, more, are not thousands and tens of thousands of them banded and confederated together along the whole line of the French shore that fronts the coast of Kent, with the avowed intent of invading perfidious Albion? and do they not actually invade us, once a year, thousands and tens of thousands strong? and don't they come over from Boulogne in "flat-bottomed" boxes? and are they not invariably received by manful Britons armed with fire and cold steel? and don't they, in spite of all their martial straddling and pompous gabble, get changed somehow to peaceful doctrines and peaceful measures, and end their noisy career for the most part in a peaceful manner? Further, looking at the question from a political point of view, is not the periodical dismemberment of Turkey a part and

parcel of our domestic policy? and does not the ceremony, especially if it be no more than a tripartite or quadripartite division, generally result in a manner highly satisfactory to the contracting parties? Of course all this is true enough, and nobody thinks of gainsaying it. Then as to the ducks, and the pigeons, and the wild-fowl, and the game of all sorts—is it not a settled thing that the Londoners settle them all as soon as they come to town?

All this is undeniable and perfectly well and widely known; but then, there is a collateral fact which, though it is beginning to creep into the light of day, is not so well known, save and except to a select portion of the enlightened public; and this fact is, that, notwithstanding the mighty influx of dead and death-doomed ornithology continually pouring into her insatiate mouth, London yet rears her own poultry, and that to an extent of which your slug-a-bed philosophers who snore matutinally through the refreshing hours of cock-crowing, know but little or nothing.

We have neither space nor inclination at present to look back into the origin of the Londoner's affection for the feathered race: for aught we know to the contrary, he may have substituted it for the natural love of his garden, upon finding that his gooseberries would not thrive in the little black patch of ground in the rear of his dwelling, but that his goose would; that his fruit-trees would bear him no fruit, but that his guinea-hens would lay their eggs in spite of the weather. However this may be, he loves to keep fowls; he cannot allow them the freedom of the country; it will not do to suffer them to "hover through the fog and filthy air" of the city—so he clips their wings and confines them at home; but he feeds them well, and takes a pleasure in their comical reciprocations of good-will. In some of the low districts in the Borough, in Whitechapel, and in the slums of Westminster, among the poorest classes of labourers, ducks are darlings long before they become dainties. In numberless instances to which we have been a witness, Master Spoonbill is a member of the family: if the immediate neighbourhood be propitious for him, that is, if it be extraordinarily moist, and foul, and filthy, he is in the fortunate condition of being able to get his own living; while he will ultimately contribute to that of his benefactors. He rakes, scrapes, paddles, and "dabbles in mud," plunges his head in it over the eyes, and waggles up and down the fastid lane or undrained alley the live-long day, and he is turned into the area or the back-yard at night; or if there be no back-yard, and his proprietor have not the privilege of the area, he sleeps at night under the family bed. Spoonbill, moreover, has his purveyor and regular provider: Dick Ditchwater does for the ducks what the cats-meat-man does for the dogs and cats of other people; shouldering a large basket, he traverses the suburbs and outlying districts of the metropolis beyond the brick-fields, where he skins the green duck-weed from the surfaces of the ditches, ponds, and pools, and brings the *rus ad urbem* for the hebdomadal gratification of Messrs. Spoonbill and Co. True, he comes but once a week, and he dispenses but a halfpenny-worth per duck at a time; but they are grateful for his services, and know him well, and scent him

from afar, and gobble up his dripping delicacies with surprising avidity.

Ducks, by the way, are very few of them London born, being generally bought as ducklings just fledged, and kept for fattening with a view to a feast some day or other. The case is very different with fowls; myriads of these are hatched in areas, or hen-houses erected in gardens, and brought up in a more or less domestic way, shoals of them finding their chief sustenance in the streets. They are kept by all classes, the rich as well as the poor, and in most instances may be regarded, in a pecuniary sense, as incumbrances rather than as property; it being questionable whether on the average they yield any profit to their owners. The practice of keeping and breeding pet fowls, particularly those imported from foreign countries, has greatly extended of late years. Connoisseurs in cocks and hens have latterly grown far more numerous than collectors of antiquities were half a century ago; and some idea of the amount of attention bestowed upon this subject may be formed from the interest and excitement aroused by the Exhibition of Poultry in Baker-street, whence we lately returned with the intention of jotting down a few remarks, to which the above desultory talk may serve as a preface.

The poultry show took place, as the reader probably knows, in the same bazaar where the Smithfield Cattle Shows are annually exhibited. It was honoured by the patronage of lords and ladies, a goodly list: earls, marquises, and dukes shared in the glory of the exhibition, and on the day of sale competed for the possession of the meritorious birds. The spectacle in the building was unique, and comparable to nothing in one's past experience: the astonishing variety in form, size, and colour, of the numerous races of fowls here congregated shamed all one's anticipations and puzzled one's ideas of natural history. We had kept cocks and hens of our own in days long past, and imagined that we knew them tolerably well, and should have hazarded an affirmation that we could recognise a pigeon when we saw one; but we will not be rash on either point in future. Cocks and hens, and pigeons too, we find take more shapes than used to be dreamed of in our philosophy. Think of fifty different sorts of domestic fowls varying in size from something not much bigger than a blackbird—the ginger bantam to wit, which a lady might smuggle off in her reticule—up to something as big as a young ostrich, to which one might compare the Cochin-China hens. Between these were feathered families of every imaginable shape and hue, and bearing names calculated to shed a splendour upon the dunghill unknown hitherto. There were cocks, Malay, Barbary, and Turkish, Dutch, Spanish, Polish, and Russian; there were breeds, single-combed, double-combed, and rose-combed; there were Hamburgers, silver-spangled and gold-spangled, silver-pencilled and gold-pencilled, brassy-winged and duck-winged: there were game fowls named "red-and-black-breasted," and "white and piles;" there were the Dorkings, the bantams, the negro, the dwarf, the Sussex, the silky, the frizzled, and the Rumkin, and a host of others which we have not breath to mention. Then the noise!—if the sight was unique, what shall we say for the sound? It was an indescribable din



not to be imagined—a score of cocks crowing against each other, and a score more crowing against time, and not intending to be beat. Hens laying eggs continually, and cackling as hens do in such interesting circumstances, not in the old-fashioned dunghill English, but in all the most outlandish lingoes, from Chinese to Low Dutch; pigeons, puffed up with pride, pooh-poohing at such barn-door vanity, and looking as big as they could to put it out of countenance. So far as we could see, ugliness formed the grand climax of merit, with one class of judges at least; we heard one nondescript fowl described by a foolish admirer as “a love of a monster—it is so delightfully ugly!”

As to the real value of the various specimens, it is impossible during the present mania for possessing them to say what it may be. The prices of all were ticketed up; but as many of these were plainly meant as prohibitions against purchasing, they offer no information. Such sums as 1000*l.*, 500*l.*, etc. etc., affixed to a pen of a few fowls, can be only meant to scare away buyers. The results of the actual sale afford a better criterion for judgment, though they attest rather the speculative furor of the bidders than the actual value of the lots. One pair of Cochins-China fowls brought 49*l.* 7*s.*; other lots that followed were knocked down at less than half that sum, and some as low as a third. All such prices, however, must be looked upon as purely speculative, and not warranted by the value of the birds. The eggs laid during the exhibition, to guard which a number of “detectives” were located in the building, ready to pounce upon birds-nesters, fetched readily from five to ten shillings—those at least of the best birds.

The leading journal of the day animadverted rather seriously upon this exhibition, condemning it as useless, and as leading to no practical good. We cannot see the force of its argument, and differ altogether from the conclusion to which it points. It has been lately shown, that the breeding of fowls under favourable circumstances may be made one of the most profitable of all pursuits, far more so than the breeding of cattle under any circumstances in this country. While fortunes have been spent in improving the breeds of cattle, the fowls have been left to degenerate, or to take their chance; their produce has been looked upon as a mere trifle, and added to the pin-money of the farmer's wife. As a commercial speculation, the sale of eggs has been left chiefly to the French, who know better than we do the value of the trade, and inundate our markets with them all the year round. They consume a much larger proportion of poultry, compared with butcher's meat, than we do; and the inference is, that it costs them much less to raise the weight of an ox, or a sheep, in the flesh of barn-door fowls, than it does in the animals themselves. Calculations lately made have gone far to show the justice of such an inference; one writer even affirming that a hundred-weight of poultry ready for the spit, may be raised systematically, at a cost one-third that of the same weight of ox-beef. If this be true, or an approximation to the truth, any impetus given to the breeding of fowls, and their increase in the land, must conduce to the public advantage.

#### THE LIBRARY AND POOR STUDENT.

AN interesting incident in the early history of Dr. Bowditch, the learned translator of La Place, is as follows. During the revolutionary war a privateer from Salem captured a vessel and brought the prize into that port. A valuable private library was among the articles on board. These books were a rare prize for those days, and young Bowditch borrowed a number from the person having them in charge. The volumes were retained longer than was necessary for a simple perusal, and it was ascertained that the young student was so desirous of procuring the works, and his means being too slender for him to dare hope of purchasing them, that he actually copied twenty folio and quarto volumes of scientific works, which were of great service to him as books of reference in after years. These manuscript volumes are now in the possession of the sons of Dr. Bowditch, and are highly prized. The facilities now afforded students in the branch of science to which the talents of Dr. Bowditch were devoted, appear in striking contrast with the early struggles for knowledge which he encountered.

#### “MY MOTHER, MOTHER, MOTHER.”

It is said that these were among the last words of the great and lamented Henry Clay.

Mothers, learn here a lesson. Look at your sons and daughters, and realise this important truth, that in the nursery is laid the foundation of your children's future life. Instead of teaching them to play the empty-headed coxcomb, and to *tête-à-tête* a lifetime away in nonsense, teach them the path of true greatness and usefulness. Who are the men that have adorned their age, and have reflected a halo of glory upon their country? They are, with few exceptions, those who in infancy learned to clasp their tiny hands, and kneel at a mother's side, and dedicated their hearts to the Father of spirits. A mother's hallowed influence never dies. The boy never forgets a mother's love. Though he may wander far from home, and engage in many vices, yet that mother's voice, soft and tender, that fell upon his ear in infancy, is borne upon many a passing breeze, and whispers, “My son, my son, remember a mother's love—how she has taught you to pray and reverence the God of mercy.”

#### THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

BY MATTHEW HENRY.

OUR being ready for death will make it come never the sooner, but much the easier; and those that are fit to die are most fit to live.

Those whose conversation in the world is truly holy, shall find their removal out of it truly happy.

Those that have welcomed Christ may welcome death.

The death of our relations should effectually remind us that we are not at home in this world. When they are gone, say, “We are going.”

The peace which Christ gives is infinitely more valuable than that which the world gives. The world's peace begins in ignorance, consists with sin, and ends in endless troubles; Christ's peace begins in grace, consists with no allowed sin, and ends at length in everlasting peace.

## Varieties.

**MIRAGE.**—A singular optical phenomenon was observed, a few weeks ago, just over Montmartre. For about twenty minutes, Paris, with its river, houses, and monuments, was seen reversed in the atmosphere, just as if a glass had been placed in the sky above.

**ADVERTISING.**—An advertisement in a popular illustrated journal, occupying the space of a square inch, and cut out of every copy printed for one publication only, it is said would be found to consume paper of the value of 12s. at the wholesale price.

**AGREEABLE NEWS FOR EMIGRANTS.**—An immense order for hand-cuffs and leg-irons is now in course of execution in Birmingham. A large quantity has already been shipped for Melbourne.

**INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.**—The long-desired treaty of international copyright between Great Britain and the United States of America is on the point of being exchanged and ratified. It appears that its provisions were drawn up by the late Daniel Webster, only a short period before his decease. Under its authority, the authors of books, of dramatic works, of musical compositions, of drawings, of paintings, of sculptures, of engravings, of lithographs, and of any other works whatsoever of literature and the fine arts, published and copyrighted in the United States, will enjoy all the rights and privileges which an English copyright would insure to them in Great Britain; and, in like manner, a British copyright will possess the same legal authority in the United States, by an entry in the clerk's office of the district court, pursuant to act of Congress. The only conditions imposed on American authors are the registration of their copyright in Stationers' Hall, and a strict compliance with the laws of Great Britain in respect to the deposit of a copy of their work in the British Museum; while their English brethren must register at Washington, and deposit copies of their works in the institutions appointed by law to receive them.

**DISCOVERY OF WAX HEADS.**—During the last few months, the extensive necropolis of the once important city of Cuma, in Italy, has attracted much attention, from the excavations that are being carried on by the Prince of Syracuse. In a Roman tomb, lately examined, have been found two skeletons with wax heads, furnished with admirably executed eyes of glass. One of the heads is very complete, but the other has crumbled away. The remains are now in the Royal Museum of Naples, and they are regarded with much curiosity by archaeologists, and many speculations have been hazarded on the subject. From the fact that a coin of Diocletian was found in the tomb, in connexion with other considerations, it is supposed that the bodies were those of Christian martyrs of the third century, and that the wax heads were substituted by Christian friends after decapitation.

**LINCOLN CATHEDRAL FIRED BY A METEOR.**—A few weeks since, during a terrific snow-storm, a meteor fell on the tower of Lincoln Cathedral, and set fire to the rafters and wood-work in one of the turrets. The meteor burst with a loud explosion, emitting beautiful rose-coloured flames, and accompanied by a flash like lightning.

**INSECT WAX OF CHINA.**—At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society, Mr. Hanbury exhibited some of the white insect wax of China, and the insects which produce it. The insects feed upon an evergreen shrub or tree, extensively cultivated for the purpose. They perforate the bark, and feed on the juices of the tree; and after living thus for some months, giving the tree the appearance of being covered with hoar-frost in consequence of their bodies being filled with wax, they are in a fit state to gather, and are scraped off the branches. If this gathering be delayed, they adhere too firmly to be easily removed, and such as are suffered to remain become the stocks, whence the race of the next year is propagated. The crude material thus obtained is freed from impurities by boiling in water, and is then fit for the market under the name of *Chung-pih-lü*. In its chemical qualities, it is analogous to purified bees' wax and spermaceti, but differing essentially from both. It is insoluble in water, is scarcely affected by boiling alcohol, the acids or alkalis, but dissolves in essential oil.

**TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.—ARTESIAN WELLS.**—"The Artesian well in Paris," says Professor Silliman, "had been worked upon for seven years without reaching water, when Arago came forward and gave the government the assurance that if they would continue their work, and go through the beds of chalk, they would, in all probability, find water. They continued their work till they got down through the chalk, when the water rose up in a great volume of twenty feet. This water still flows there, and doubtless will continue to flow to the end of time. It was found to be very hot. Many other Artesian wells have been made all over Europe, for various purposes, and the uniform result has been, that we find the earth increasing in heat the lower we go down. The most striking example we have of this is that of Luxembourg, in France, where they bored nearly eight hundred feet. Add to this the testimony of those who work in very deep mines, and we ascertain the fact, that the rate of heat increases about one degree for every fifty feet of descent; so that, if we were to go down two miles, we should find boiling water; and at ten miles we might reasonably expect to arrive at ignited rocks. Is all, then, beneath us on fire? I am not prepared to say, with some, that this is the case, although there is strong evidence to justify such a theory. Witness the geysers of Iceland—where hot waters are gushing up from the earth, age after age, and century after century. The result of all the observations on springs goes to show that they are thermal, that is, of a high temperature. The Azores present a very important fact in example. The hot springs of Lucca, in the Apennine Mountains, are large spouting springs, of a very high temperature, so copious that they may be relied upon for hot baths all the year round. Another case is the hot springs of Bath, in England. These are the more remarkable as there are no volcanoes in the British Islands. We know that from the time of the Romans these waters have never ceased to gush up in vast abundance."

**A LONG TUNNEL.**—One of the tunnels on the Pennsylvania railroad now constructing is to be 3670 feet in length. Its area at the widest space within the lines of the masonry will be about 24 feet, and the spring of the arch will begin 16 feet from the crown of the arch. The greater part of the vast arched excavation will be inlaid with strong and substantial masonry. More than half of this masonry will be composed of sandstone well laid in hydraulic cement, and the remainder will be hard burnt brick. This whole masonry will be 22 inches thick. The tunnel passes the Alleghany Mountain in Sugar Run Gap. Taking into account the length of the tunnel and its interior breadth, and the quantity and solidity of its masonry, it may be regarded as the largest work of the kind in the United States. About 400 men are employed upon it.

**COURAGE IN A BIRD.**—About two months ago, on descending the hill from Stock-cross, in Berkshire, a weazel, with a mouse in his mouth, was seen crossing the road closely pursued by a robin, which frequently pounced upon the weazel, uttering shrill notes of defiance. The weazel turned many times, and at last, on reaching the grass on the road side, it dropped its prey, and went back some paces to attack the robin. This was avoided by the bird rising in flight, and immediately darting to the side of the mouse, whose cries had doubtless attracted its attention and excited its sympathy. Before the observer could reach the spot, the weazel had again seized the mouse, and retreated with it into a hole in the adjoining bank, the mouse being either paralysed with fear, or too severely injured to avail itself of the chivalrous interposition of its feathered friend. The bird, regardless of the presence of the witnesses, or trusting to their aid, continued for some time to flit rapidly from bough to bough on the hedge-row, making the most plaintive outcries.

**LINEN BOOKS.**—Books are very extensively printed at Berlin on linen prepared for the purpose. It is the invention of an apothecary named Sanger, and is found very admirable in large schools for the poor.

**DR. OVERWEG,** the African traveller, died on the 27th of December last, on the banks of Lake Tsad, in the interior of Africa, of fever, at the early age of thirty.